And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spight!
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this mony, and these two notes *Reynaldo*,
Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You shal do marueilous wisely good *Reynaldo*.
Before you visit him, to make inquire,
Of his behauiour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marrie well said, very well said, looke you sir,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*.
And how, & who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompasment and drift of question
That they do know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y'ft be he I meane, he's verie wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marrie none so ranke
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companious noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.
Rey. As gaming my Lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.
Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Faith as you may season it in the charge.

You

9 these notes 11 meruiles 15 Mary